



Geronimo Stilton

FIELD TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of

THE RODENT'S GAZETTE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy

mouse; editor of

The Rodent's Gazette

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and

special correspondent at

The Rodent's Gazette

Trap Stilton

An awful joker;

Geronimo's cousin and

owner of the store

Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving

nine-year-old mouse;

Geronimo's favorite

nephew

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos A
Scholastic Inc.

Field Trip To Niagara Falls

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www.geronimostilton.com

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of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association. For more infor
www.stiltoncheese.com.

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Oh, how I hate Being Late!

“Rain, rain, go away.” It was the middle of the night. I was in my comfy bed, trying to sleep. But the rain was pouring down on

my window like a crazed woodpecker. I fell asleep dreaming about birds, crashing, pounding ocean waves and huge

waterfall s.

It rained the whole night. The next
morning, I woke up exhausted.

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speed

the clock on my bedside table. H

I was late! Oh, how I hate being

I hurled myself into the bath

turned

on the shower while brushing m

combed my whiskers while pull

pants. I chugged down my coffe

racing out the door. Rats!

I ran at **BREAKNECK** to

my aunt Sweetfur's house. That
my
little nephew Benjamin live
promised
to take him to school today.
Benjamin giggled when he saw
I had
forgotten to button my pants. As
I was sticking up all over the place.
On the way to school, we passed
my office. I run the most

FAMOUSE

daily

newspaper on Mouse Island. It
is called The Rodent's Gazette.

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Benjamin tugged on my paw.

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I take my friends to visit y

Gazette

sometime?” he asked.

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d. My nephew was such a sweet

and smart little mouse. Maybe
he

would follow in my pawsteps and
newspaper, too.

“Of course, dear nephew,” I said.
Finally, we arrived at Be
school.

What a zoo!

Little rodents were
running everywhere. Some had
their

parents' paws. Others tumble
school

bus. Some zipped up on bicycl
so

loud I could barely hear myself
school bus

Just then, the school bell rang. I nearly jumped out of my fur. And it was when I spotted a **blonde** rider that she wasn't just any blonde rodeo queen. She had **gorgeous** fur. She had a **sweet** smile. And she had blue eyes the color of a clear summer sky. "Good morning, I am **Miss Anderson**! **Paws**, Benjamin's teacher," she

I took a step toward her. But before I could shake her paw, I tripped over her. I landed snout first in the dirt.

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Don't worry

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But a thing!

I turned to run away with
between

my legs. I was so embarrassed

I have to make a fool of myself
such a pretty mouse?

“Today, we’ll decide where to go
field

trip,” I heard Miss Angel Paws say.

Hmm. Field trip. Suddenly, I had an idea.

Maybe the class could come with me.

The

Rodent’s Gazette. Then the teacher would

see I wasn’t just a clumsy,

mouse.

I strode back into the classroom.

“Oh, good, Mr. Stilton, you haven’t

wanted to ask for your advice.

Angel

Paws squeaked. “Do you think
good
place to go on a field trip?”

She began writing something on
blackboard. I would love to tell
it said, but I couldn't read it. No
written in ancient Squeakeeze. I
couldn't **SEE** a thing. That's beca
class bully, Punk Rat, had tri
on
my way in. I had lost my eyegla
The teacher tapped on the
“What

do you think, Mr. Stilton?" she

I **squinted** desperately
board.

I felt like one of the three blind

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Everything looked **foggy**. The
thought of something. Maybe
Angel Paws wanted to visit The
Gazette. Maybe that's what she had
on the board. Yes, that had to be
decided. That's why she wanted
"I think that's a great idea!" I
the
teacher. "I would love to take you
Miss Angel Paws was amazed. "

Mr. Stilton ?” she squeaked.

“Of course,” I said. “And don’t c

Mr. Stilton. . . . Call me Geronim

“But who will pay for it? When ca

Don’t you have to work?” asked t

“Don’t worry about a thing,” I to

can take a little time off. You

my

guests. We can go today if yo

.”

The teacher squealed with delig

clapped her paws together.
what,

class? Mr. Stilton—I mean G
has

volunteered to take all of us to
Falls for a whole week!” she an
“We’ll leave today!”

The class
cheered.

“Hooray! We’re going to Niag
Thank you, Mr. Stilton!” they cried
I blinked.

Punk Rat pulled at one of my w

“Of course. Can’t you read? Look at the blackboard,” he smirked, handing me my glasses. I put them on. I stared at the blackboard. It read

Class Trip To Niagara Falls

.

I gulped. Oh, how did I get myself into **such a mess?**

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Class

Trip

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The teacher was already calling a travel

agency. “Yes, twenty-two students,” the teacher,

and Geronimo Stilton. “We

twenty-

four round-trip tickets to

Falls,”

she squeaked into the phone.

What could I do? The class was
excited they could hardly sit s

With a sigh, I took out my credit ca

TOP MOUSE DIAMOND-PLUS-SUPER-DELUXE-EXTRA-SUPREME-G

It was a good thing I had it. Thi

going to **COST** me more than

year

subscription to the Cheese-of-th

Club!

After booking our trip, the

waved

a yellow notebook in the air.

“Class, this notebook will be our journal,” she announced. “We will write in

it every day. That way, we will not forget this wonderful trip.”

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HOW
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This photo Was Taken at:
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are We there yet?

Do you know how to get to Niaga

Let me tell you. The falls are loc

border of the United States and

They are very far from Mouse Is

flight was the longest one of my

OK, maybe it wasn't the longest,

but it was the **WORST**. That's

because . . .

Sakura smeared ice cream on my tie

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-

-

David pulled out one of my whiskers

-

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-

Scampers spilled orange juice on my computer

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-

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Scampers spilled orange juice
computer.

Sakura smeared ice cream

David pulled out one of my white

Carmen knocked down my suitcase

Esmeralda squeaked my ears

Tim asked me

317

times, “Are we

there yet?”

The whole time I tried
desperately to read my
book on Niagara Falls.

Tim asked me 317 times

.

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Carmen knocked down my suitcase

.

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Esmeralda squeaked and squeaked

.

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Niagara Falls

Located at the border of the United States (on the east)

and Canada (on the west), the falls are formed by the waters of the Niagara River. During the journey from Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, the river suddenly drops more than 180 feet to the level of the falls, forming

falls unique in their power.

There are actually two different falls at Niagara. On

the Canadian side there is Horseshoe Falls, approximately 2,500 feet wide, while Rainbow Falls on the American side, is approximately 1,000 feet

In the winter, the river freezes, but the falls don't stop because they are in continuous movement. Every second, more than 790,000 gallons of water go over the falls. Niagara Falls is also a precious source of hydrothermal energy. Approximately 50 percent of the power generated at night, 75 percent) is directed to the hydroelectric power

plants that supply the United States and Canada with electricity.

But the power of the water is creating a problem for the future of the falls. In the past 12,000 years, the water running over the rocks has eroded them and shifted the falls by

almost seven miles.

Niagara Falls

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RAINBOW

FALLS

HORSESHOE

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CANADIAN

FALLS

Whirlpool Rapids Bridge

Rainbow Bridge

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A BIT OF HISTORY . . .

THE ERA OF EXPLORATION

For centuries, only the Native Americans knew what is now the border between the United States and Canada knew about the spectacular falls. The first news of their existence dates back to the late sixteenth century. The man who made the discovery was Louis Hennepin, a Belgian monk who joined an expedition organized by the French explorer, Sieur de La Salle. The expedition reached the falls in December 1678, and its members were mesmerized by their size and grandeur.

At that time, the falls had

a drop in level of more than
590 feet and carried twice
as much water as they
do now.

THE FIRST TOURISTS

Tourism was slow to arrive. One of the first important visits occurred in 1791, when the duke of Kent (father of the future Queen Victoria of England) stayed at the only building in the area: a small wooden house. The first groups of tourists began arriving in the mid-1800s. The falls continued to attract famous guests, such as Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon.

Napoleon. He came from New Orleans on 1
From that moment on, Niagara Falls became
destination for couples on their honeymoon

everyOne,
except Me!

Just before our plane landed,
made an announcement.

“

Attention

,

rodents: We are now

passing over the
famous Niagara
Falls. Take a look out
your window if you
would like to see a
truly spectacular view of the falls,
Everyone wanted to see the falls
Everyone leaped to the window
Everyone saw the spectacular view
EXCEPT ME!

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I was being suffocated by a thro
screaming, jumping mouselets. I
pressed
themselves up against my windo
couldn't move. I couldn't breath
see a thing!

Finally, the plane landed. We w
Toronto, Canada. From there, w
on a bus. We rode on the bus f
hour and a half

. Then we arrived at the
falls.

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As we pulled up, the driver made an announcement: “We have now reached the famous Niagara Falls. Look out the window if you would like to see the spectacular view of the falls,” he said.

Everyone wanted to see the falls.

Everyone leaped to the window.

Everyone saw the spectacular view.

Except me!

A throng of **screaming** mot

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crawling all over me. They

plastered

themselves

up against my window. I couldn't

couldn't breathe. I couldn't see a

The bus stopped. I got off. The

sound

of the falls was incredible.

I tried to take a picture.

Everyone wanted to take a p

the falls.

Everyone got his or her camera

Everyone snapped away at the

ExcEpt mE!

Oh, if only I could get away from

screaming mouselets. They

over me! I couldn't move. I couldn't

I couldn't see a thing!

The bus took us to

the city of Niagara

Falls on the lake. It
was already dark.

!

ExcEpt
mE

!

I Do not Know how
to Set Up a tent!

What a day! I was
tired

. I was hungry.

I stumbled off the bus. I could
to sink into a nice soft bed. I could

wait to put on my fluffy cat-fur
couldn't wait to order from room
“Is the hotel nearby?” I yawned
pooped.”

Miss Angel Paws looked shocked
“Hotel? Why, Mr. Geronimo, we
come to enjoy the great outdoors
going to a hotel. We're going to
o u t
,” she squeaked.

My eyes opened wide. I looked

Miss Angel Paws wasn't joking.
standing in the middle of the w

quick

Did I mention I'm not much of a mouse?

“Um, yes, well, who's going to sell the tents?” I stammered.

Miss Angel Paws rolled her eyes.

“You are, of course, Mr. Geronimo,” she said.

I made a calculation: There were

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of us. Each tent would

hold

four

mice. That meant I had to set up

six

tents for the little mice. Then w
need

one

tent for me and

one

for

Miss

Angel Paws

. Plus, we needed

one

big

tent for all of us to eat breakfast

Holey cheese! I couldn't set up

tents!

Just then, the little mice began

“Come on! We're **tired!**”

I couldn't make heads or tails of th

I do Not KNow How to Set Up a teNt!

I set up one tent inside out.
myself

up in another and couldn't get o
whacked my paw with a hamme

“I give up!” I screeched.

Did I mention I'm not much
outdoor

mouse? I sat down on a rock.
my

glasses so I could sob freely.

Just then, my little nephew Ben
whispered in my ear.

“Call Aunt Thea. She always
what
to do,” he suggested.

I dried my tears. “Good idea,” I
I guess you could say my siste
the

opposite of me. She loves a chal

A half hour later, after I talked
on

the phone, all of the tents were

“Hooray!” yelled the little m

“Isn’t it **great** sleeping in a te

Geronimo?” Miss Angel Paws sa

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Pull the
lateral
ropes and
stabilize
the tent by
staking the
ropes.

Dig a

drainage

ditch

around

the tent.

You'll need

it in case

of rain.

Assemble

the

frame by

connecting

the poles,

and hook

the tent to

the frame.

Mount the

rain tarp

and attach

it well with
the stakes.

Drainage ditch for
water runoff

NO

NO

NO YES

Where to Set Up a Tent

Choose a flat
area or one
on a gentle
slope that is
well protected
from the wind.

Lay the
tent flat
and stake

the
corners.

tent

a

How to Set up

I Do not Know

h

Ow to COOK at

a Campsite!

I was so tired I could only nod.

heard a low grumble. Was it a

it

a fox? Was it a **ravenous**, rodent
monster? No, it was just my
was
starving!

“So,
who will do the cooking
?” I asked.

“Why, you will, of course, Mr. G
Miss Angel Paws **said**.

The little mice began screaming

“Come on! We’re starving!” they wh

I sighed. I trudged to the brook to

water. But on the way back

The water flew out of the bucke

I decided to get the **fire** started

the wood was too damp. It wou

I went to get some more wood a

accidentally stepped on the egg

CrunCh

!

Then I noticed an army of ants. They were devouring all of the bread.

“I give up!” I squeaked. Did I mean I was not much of an outdoor mouse?

“Try calling Aunt Thea again,” I whispered. “She’ll know what to do.”

A half hour later, the fire was rekindled.

Now if I could just get the ants off the bread. . . .

H

OW

to Cook

outdoorS

Bind three wooden poles together. Then hang a pot on a chain that has been secured at the top of the poles.

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Arrange several clean, flat rocks so they are heated by a fire underneath. You can cook eggs, fish, or meat on top of them.

Flat rocks

Arrange two forked sticks across from each other on either side of the fire. Hang the pots on a strong piece of wood, and then place each end of the wood in the forks.

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THE FIRE

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ires Unattended!

Before you light a fire, find out the wind's direction. Always be aware of the danger of fires! Keep a bucket of water nearby to put out the fire and always get help

from an adult.

COmE On!

we have tO go!

After we ate, I fell asleep with m
my plate. I woke up with a st
“Psst, psst, Mr. Geronimo!” a vo
called.

It was Miss Angel Paws.

“Mr. Geronimo, you, um, forgot

a bathroom,” she whispered.

I paled. A bathroom?

“Come on! We have to go!” the little girl squeaked.

This time, I knew exactly what she meant.

I called my sister. I wasn’t proud.

desperate. After all, who knew how to

up a bathroom outdoors?

Of course, my sister figured it out.

Half an hour later, the bathroom finished. And so was I. I crawled out of my sleeping bag and slept like a terrier on a slab of stale cheese. Even a starving dog couldn't have moved me.

3. Build a tripod. Hang a bucket with water to use as a makeshift shower.

1. Dig a hole. Leave a big pile of dirt

next to the
hole. After
each use,
throw some
piled-up dirt
into the hole.

2. Use some
wooden
poles and a
tarp to build
a screen
around the
toilet.

4. Build
another
tripod. Place
a bowl on
top to wash

your paws
and snout.

THE TOILET

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How to Make a BatHro

flashlights

What a Stink!

What a Smell!

W

hat a Stench!

I woke up in the middle of the r

awful stench surrounded me. It was worse than my cousin Trap's rat soup. It smelled worse than my Onewhisker's

disgusting brussels sprout soufflé. I opened my eyes. A black-and-white creature with two beady little eyes stared back at me.

I jumped out of the sleeping bag, squeaking at the top of my lungs.

snapped on all over the
campsite.

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“

What a stink

!”

“

What a smell

!”

“

What a stench

!” I heard the other

campers

cry

.

I couldn't have agreed more. I s

chime in when I heard some mo

“Where is it coming from?” one

“That tent there,” another answe

“That's the rodent from New Mo

The one named Geronimo St

third cried.

someone else piped up.

another muttered.

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I turned beet red. How could th
about me that way? I'm no
mouse.

I love taking baths.

But there was no time to think a
bubble bath now. I had to defer

“I’m not the **stinky** one,” I sta
explain. “It was that creature. It
black

fur with a **white** stripe . . .”

Punk Rat snickered. “What creature? I don’t see any creature,” he smirked.

Then he began to sing in a high-pitched voice: “Geronimo sees things in the dark. A slug, a squirrel, a giant shark!”

Benjamin grabbed my paw. “Un

you really see a creature?” he w

When I nodded, he stuck his sn

41

Punk Rat

tourist guide. I guess he was pre
he didn't know me. I couldn't b
him. Everyone thought I was lo
whiskers.

At that moment, Benjamin bega
squeaking. He held up the
showed
a picture of the creature.

“See, my uncle was right!” my r
told Punk Rat. “The creature he
called a **skunk!**”

a WaLL Of

rushIng Waters

The next morning, we woke
dawn.

After breakfast, we hiked along
I was tired. You probably already
that I am not a morning mouse.
Finally, I would be able to see
Niagara Falls!

Our paws crunched through
the thick autumn leaves of yellow,
red, and brown. The air smelled
and
fresh. Don't you just love autumn?
I love everything about it. Oh, except
Halloween. I'm not big on scary.
I started thinking about the Halloween

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party my cousin Trap was throwi

He said he was going to dig
skeleton

and serve frozen eyeballs for de

Just then, I felt like my own
had

frozen. Well, my eyeballs and
my

body, that is. I was start
tremendous

wall of rushing water. We ha
the

falls! The river rumbled like th

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A magnificent rainbow made
over
the falls.

Ah, what an unbelievable sight!
have stood and admired the fa
I

just had one little problem: The
water was getting to me. With a
took off in search of a bathroom

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For thousands of years, only the Attawandarons, a peaceful tribe who lived in the territory that bordered the land of the warring Iroquois, knew about Niagara Falls. In the course of their long journeys, the Attawandarons, who were also called the Neutrals, were attracted by a loud noise and discovered the falls. They named them Onguiaahra, which means “thundering waters.”

NORTHEAST

Algonquin: A tribe with lands in the Ottawa River

Iroquois: A large confederation of tribes, including

Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Seneca, and Tuscarora.

matriarchal society: The chiefs are chosen by the clan
the oldest and wisest woman.

Attawandarons: A non-warring tribe that lived on
of lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario.

SOUTHEAST

Cherokee: A tribe in Tennessee and North Car

A Cherokee leader, Sequoya, invented an alphabet for

Cherokee language that was made up of eighty-five sy

Creek: A confederation of tribes from Alabama, Ge
and Florida.

Seminole: A tribe that emigrated to Florida and a
many runaway slaves.

SOUTHWEST

Apache: A group of tribes (Mescalero, San Carlos,

Apache Peaks, Mazatzal, and others) that share the same language. Skilled warriors, they were the last to surrender to white settlers. Famous chiefs include Geronimo and Crazy Horse. Navajo: Native people of northern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona, they are famous for their craftwork, including woven blankets, rugs, and jewelry.

Pueblo: A group of tribes in Arizona and New Mexico. This term also refers to the flat-roofed stone or adobe houses in which these Native Americans traditionally lived. Their houses were sometimes several stories high.

NATIVE AMERICANS

PLAINS

Cheyenne: A nomadic tribe, the Cheyenne once lived in tipis made from long poles and buffalo skins. They were skilled hunters.

Comanche: Warriors feared by all, the Comanche were skilled horsemen.

Blackfoot: Famous for their shoemaking ability, the Blackfoot dyed their moccasins black.

Sioux: A group of tribes, also known as the Lakota. Crazy Horse, and Red Cloud are famous Sioux chiefs.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS

Nez Percé (or Pierced Noses): A peaceful tribe in Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, who once wore objects pierced through their noses.

Shoshone: Buffalo hunters in California, Idaho, Nevada, and Wyoming, they sought peace with white settlers after Indian wars.

CALIFORNIA

Hoopla: A tribe of artisans who traditionally lived along the coast in houses made of cedar. They ate acorns and salmon.

Wintu: A tribe whose economy was once based on fishing for salmon, and acorns.

NORTHWEST

Chinook: Famous salmon merchants on the north side of the Columbia River in Oregon.

Tlingit: A tribe skilled in working cedar wood and known for their totem poles on the islands and coast of Alaska.

All Aboard!

A few minutes later, I was back

falls. Miss Angel Pa

making

an announcement.

“We will now board a boat ca

Maid

of the Mist that will take us to

she

told the class. “Please do not

the
side.”

We put on shiny **raincoat**

we
climbed aboard the boat.

fog

It sailed straight up the Niagara

Everything looked so different f

A mist rose up from the spray

water. We were so close to th

I dug my paws into the railing o

deck. The water churned below

glad we were all safe on the bo

The sprays of water soaked my

well. No one could say I was sti

I looked around. We were sun
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Just then, I remembered a story I
had
read about Niagara Falls. I told
class.

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any years ago, a tribe of Native Americans peacefully near the Niagara River. In order to protect themselves from diseases and hunger, the tribe always asked the god of thunder, who lived in a cave under the falls, for protection. One day, the god saw Lelawala, the daughter of the great chief Eagle Eye, and decided to keep her for himself. The Native Americans offered him gifts of flowers, fruit, and game, but the god insisted on marrying her. Lelawala was courageous and wanted to protect her tribe by marrying the god. She dressed in white, with a garland of flowers, and in a white birch canoe and bravely hurled herself over the falls. But when she fell from the top, the god reached out his arms and saved her. The

courageous young girl remained forever in the cave under the falls. She was called the Maid of the Mist, because at the base of the falls, there is always a dense mist made of droplets of water.

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don't Move,

Punk rAt!

When I finished telling the STORY,
looked up. The boat was reeling
shore.

Right then, I noticed something
quiet.

Too quiet. I began to get the feeling
something —or someone — was

I ran up and down the boat and
the
little mice.

I was right. We were short one more.

Can you guess who was
missing? Here's a hint: He's

mouse in the class and a pain in

That's right, it was Punk Rat.

Suddenly, I spotted the little person.

“One

two

three

four

five

six

seven

eight...”

59

shore. He must have been le
when
the boat took off.

“Don’t move, Punk Rat!” I yelled
dangerous!
We’ll come and pick you up.”

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But at that moment, disaster struck.

Rat slipped on a wet rock. He tumbled into the water.

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A dive . . .in the icy Water!

A little voice inside my head began
screaming at me. “Don’t just stand by!
Save him!” it yelled. I dove into the
water. That’s when the cold
voice
began screaming. It shrieked,
Icy-cold water soaked into my

nose, even my throat. It blocked
voices. All I could think about was
Punk Rat.

I swam desperately toward him
“

Geronimo, are you crazy?

Y

ou

're not

a swimmer. You can barely do

laps at the Cheddarville

Y

!

”

see his little head bobbing up
in
the waves. His
little paws
waved in the air.

He looked like he was doing
water
ballet dance. I wondered if he had
thought about taking lessons.
I was still thinking about water
when things went from bad

Yep,

Punk Rat went **under**.

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What could I do?

It was dark under the water.

I could

hardly see a thing

. Everything was so fuzzy.

Everything was so blurry. Maybe

new pair of glasses, I thought

realized

I wasn't wearing glasses. I had

in

the water!

Luckily, my paw felt something
was

Punk Rat's tail. I grabbed it. I pulled
up.

Someone threw me a life buoy from the
boat. Then they pulled us in.

Cheesecake! We were saved!

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crunching

scraggly

You Are Not

A Mouse . . .

You Are A Hero!

The boat's captain patted me
back.

“Nice going, Mr. Stilton!” he c

Then he led the crowd in a chor
cheers.

they shouted.

A

large

,

beefy

tourist threw his paws

around me. “That was beautiful,” h

“Who would think a little roden
like you could do something
He

embraced me in a hug. I felt all
the bones in my body snapping.
accidentally stepped on my foot

I screamed at the top of my lungs.
I quickly wrapped my foot in my
bandanna.

Next, a little old lady mouse gave
me a kiss. She had tears in her eyes.

“Bravo, young man! You are
a hero . . . you are a hero!” she

While she was kissing me, the handle
of her purse went into my eye.

I screamed at the top of my lungs.

felt like it was on fire. I tied a h
around my head to soak up the
looked just like a PIRATE.

The whole class stared at me. I
tell they were impressed. Little
pirates.

HOT

“You’re so lucky to have such a

cool

uncle

,” Sakura told Benjamin.

My nephew **BEAMED** with pr

Punk Rat and I were wet and s

A

sailor wrapped us in a blanket

us

each a cup of chocolate.

My paws were shaking so
spilled

mine all over me. I

screamed at the top of my lungs

Oh, when would this day come

end

?

Friends . . . Furever!

When Punk Rat stopped shivering, he wrapped his paws around my neck.

“Thank you, Geronimo! You saved me. I’m sorry I played all those dumb games on you,” he gushed.

I tried to say something, but I couldn’t squeak. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t breathe.

Punk Rat was squeezing my neck.

tightly I was choking!

At last, he let go. Then he
shook my paw.

“Friends the
little rodent squeaked.
I gave him a weak smile.

FUREVER I
croaked, still gasping
for breath.

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The Adventure Seekers of N

Many people have come to Niagara Falls
adventure. Here are just a few of the mo

splash!

Isn't It

Magnificent,

geronIMO?

Before we got off the boat, Benj
spotted something floating in
It

was my glasses. I reached over t

fish them out, and . . .

I fell in.

I swam to shore. I was wet. I wa

But I could see! I was in mouse

wondered if my glasses had mis

much as I missed them.

We hiked back toward the camp

We took a

I looked around. The leaves on t

were

such beautiful colors

shortcut
through the
woods.

red, orange, brown, green,

If I were an artist, I would have painted
a picture. But I'm not. In fact, I'm
only a mouselet at Little Tails Academy.
I never fail paw painting.

I trudged along, breathing in the
crisp air. I really am a nature lover
at heart.

"Isn't it magnificent, Geronimo?"

Miss Angel Paws said.

Benjamin and his friends were running ahead. At last, I was also with the teacher. I decided now or never. I had to find out more about

beautiful mouse. Maybe we can
to
dinner sometime. I wonder
would
like Le Squeakery. It's my favorite
restaurant.

“So, um, Miss Angel Paws,”
shyly. “Are you married?”

Miss Angel Paws shook her head
tear rolled down her fur.
collapsed

in a fit of sobs.

Oh, why did I have such rot
with

female mice? If they weren't cry
were running away from me.

The teacher pulled herself together.

“Sorry,” she

sniffed

. “I am not married.

But I was

in love

once, a long, long time

ago. . . .”

Carefully, she opened a locket

wore

around her neck. Inside was a w

“This is his whisker,” Miss Ange
explained. “It is all I have left o
last time I saw him, he was be
by
an angry cat. I swore I would
in
love again
.”

I sighed. What a sad, sad story
for the whiskerless mouse. I felt l

Angel Paws

. Right then, it began to rain.

The water poured down in b

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Love Under a Cheese-CoLoRed UmbreLLa

Suddenly, a mouse appeared out of
nowhere. He was carrying a large
COLORED umbrella.

“Please, allow me,” he said s

Miss

Angel Paws. He held the umbrella over
her

head and smiled.

The two rodents stared at each other.

They stared and stared. I wonder if
the

staring contest was all about it. I
noticed

something. The mouse with the white
was

missing a whisker. Could it be? I

Just then, the two mice clasped

“It’s you!” they squeaked together.

Well, that answered that question

was

all pretty amazing. I mean, what
chances Miss Angel Paws would
her lost love at Niagara Falls? The
finding a cheese cracker
overflowing
garbage can. It takes more
digging.

It takes luck!

I was happy for the teacher. At
someone was having a lucky

the

other paw, was not. The rain seemed to pour into my ears. I was soaked.

I could see the little mice huddled together in a dry cave up ahead.

Meanwhile, the two love mice held their cheese-colored umbrella to protect themselves. Not that they seemed to notice my whiskers. It

my fur. It
dribbled down

Miss Angel Paws

Gentle Mouse

rainstorm

raining. They looked like they were

some kind of magic spell.

that

makes you forget where you are

I sighed. I wished I were under

Then I could forget I was standing

outside in the middle of a torrent

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A reAl

gentle Mouse

That night, we sat around a crackling campfire. It turned out Miss Angel Paws's friend was a forest ranger. His name was Gentle Mouse. I wanted not to like him.

After all, I came on this trip just to spend more time with Miss Angel Paws.

But how could I hate a rodent with a name like that?

Gentle Mouse knew a lot about **nature**. He showed us a maple leaf.

The sap from maple trees can be boiled down and made into maple sugar or maple syrup. When winter turned into spring, Native Americans would make V-shaped slashes in a maple tree trunk and collect the sap in a vessel. Then they would boil the sap down into sugar.

The early European settlers learned this way of getting maple sugar from the Native Americans.

“From this

tree

, we get maple syrup,”

Gentle Mouse explained. He told
how they could start their own
dried leaves.

maple syrup

Gather some leaves that have fallen to the ground.
Take care to choose the most beautiful ones.
Choose lots of different colors, shapes, and dimensions.
As soon as you get home, clean the leaves.
To dry them, place them between two sheets of paper
inside a thick book.

When the leaves are dry and flat, glue them into your
notebook or put them in a photo album.
Next to each leaf, write its name and the place
it was collected.

Near each leaf's common name, you can also write
its botanical name, which can be found in a
botanical encyclopedia or field guide.

How To Make a Collection

of Dried Leaves

Elm

(Ulmus

americana)

Paper Birch

(Betula

papyrifera)

American

Beech

(Fagus

grandifolia)

American

Chestnut

(Castanea

dentata)

CheeP . . . CheeP . .

CheeP . . . CheeP . .

The next **morning**, we
went for a hike through the woods
to
keep up with the group, but
tripping
over rocks and twigs. Did I mention
much of a sports mouse?

Gentle Mouse pointed out the d
plants along the way.

“This is a sugar maple. Its leaf is

Canadian flag,” he explained. “There is a chestnut tree. Has anyone ever tried a chestnut?”

Just then, I saw two beavers blinking

behind the bushes. “Look, a fox!”

Mouse whispered excitedly.

I gulped. I was okay with playing with wild

animals weren’t exactly my favorite cheddar.

They can be a little scary. No, not
downright terrifying!

I scampered past the fox.

Gentle Mouse was busy pointing

6. American Chestnut

Castanea dentata

5. Paper Birch

Betula papyrifera

4. Vine Maple

Acer circinatum

1. Sugar Maple

Acer saccharum

2. Norway Maple

Acer platanoides

3. Red Maple

Acer rubrum

trees and their

leaves

9. Red Oak

Quercus rubra

7. American Beech

Fagus grandifolia

8. American Elm

Ulmus americana

10. Pitch Pine

Pinus rigida

11. Red Pine

Pinus resinosa

12. Balsam Fir

Abies balsamea

Evergreens

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WOODLAND ANIMALS
OF NORTH AMERICA

1. Opossum
2. Northern Cardinal
3. Moose
4. Flying Squirrel
5. Woodpecker
6. Wolf
7. Cottontail Rabbit
8. Raccoon
9. Skunk
10. Beaver
11. River Otter
12. Deer

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animals. We saw a beaver, a raccoon,
even a moose with huge antlers.
I couldn't believe how many
animals

we came across. Suddenly, I heard
chirping. Cheep! Cheep!

I followed the chirping to an oak tree.
A

little bird was lying on the ground.
“Help! It's fallen and it can't get up!”
I told Gentle Mouse. “What should we do?”

1. When you find a little bird fallen to the ground, look for its nest around that area. Leave the bird alone and wait a little while ... Its parents could come to care for it.
 2. If there is no nest, pick the bird up from the ground.
 3. If the bird is very small and still without feathers, feed it, using a dropper.
 4. If the bird has feathers, take a look at its beak. If it's strong, feed it grain seeds. If it's long and thin, feed it insects.
 5. Keep the bird in a warm place that is similar to its nest, like a box with a woolen cloth.
 6. As soon as the bird is able to fly, set it free.
- And remember, ask a parent or adult before touching any wild animal!

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the Forest is on Fire!

Gentle Mouse showed us how to
nest using a box and a towel.

some

seeds and fed them to the bird

a

happy chirp. Then it started SN

Holey cheese! What was in those
Then I realized the smoke wasn't
from the bird. It was filling
around
us!

“FIRE!” someone screamed

Gentle Mouse called for help on
phone. “

Hurry! The forest is on fire
!” he

cried. “Someone must have
campfire
burning. Send a plane right away
Gentle Mouse told everyone to stop
He divided us up into two teams

The first team dug fire trenches.

“If we cut down all of the plants

fire

will have nothing to burn,”

Gentle Mouse explained.

The second team formed a line

that

ended at a nearby brook. The first

in line filled a pail with

water

. Then he

passed it down the line. The last

line threw the water on the flames.

We worked like pack rats, but

the heat was becoming unbearable.

My fur was **scorched**. The

smoke was making me choke.

Suddenly, a miracle happened.

I

heard

the sound of engines. It was a plane

carrying an enormous tank full of

water! The plane dumped the w
the flames and then left to pick
water from the lake. We were sa

before we could celebrate, Gentle
began shouting. “Has anyone seen
Miss Angel Paws?”

“I saw her running toward
bushes.

I think she was trying to help a
fawn,” Kay cried.

Gentle Mouse yelled. “
’ll save you!”

He disappeared in a cloud of smoke
few

minutes later, he returned.

carrying

the teacher in his paws. “M

giggled

Miss Angel Paws. “He saved the t

I felt a twinge of jealousy. Why

I be someone’s hero?

Still, I had to admit,

Miss Angel Paws and

Gentle Mouse were a

match made in mouse

heaven.

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SurPrise For you!

That night, the two love mic
an

announcement. Can you gues
was?

Yes, they had decided to get ma
“hooray!” cried the class. Ever

was so excited. But they were
more

excited when they heard that Miss Angel
and Gentle Mouse wanted to get home
immediately. They had been
missing each other for
years. They didn't want
to wait any longer.

“We can do it
right here in Niagara
Falls!” Miss Angel

Paws squeaked.

We put our heads together to plan the ceremony. It would have to be plain and simple. There would

wedding

gown or fancy wedding cake. But, all, where could we get a dress and the

middle of the wilderness?

I called my sister to ask for help.

As

I said, that mouse just loves a challenge.

An hour later, my cell phone rang.

It was Thea. “Hey, Gerry Berry, have a

surprise for you!” she squeaked.

I

gulped

. A surprise? From my sister?

The last time she surprised me,
my whole apartment in
pink cat fur
!

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Flap, Flap, Flap . .

Vroooooommmmm!

Right at that instant, I heard a s

noise over my head.

I looked up and screamed.

A pink helicopter was circling above.

Pink

sugar-coated almonds rained down

all around me.

Pink

invitations with the bride's and

groom's names on them flew through

air.

A bunch of thorny pink roses had

the snout. Youch!

So this was my sister's surprise.

relieved. I'd take a thorn in the snout over that awful pink carpeting any day.

I told everyone who the nutty mouse flying the plane was.

“My sister loves pink,”

I added.

At that moment, an enormouse pink package struck me on the head. Before

I fainted, I noticed a note on
the side of the box. It said:
When I came to, the others
were busy opening Thea's
package. No one gave me a
second glance. I snorted. So
much for mousely manners. It

Pink almonds

Pink notes

Pink roses

For Angel Paws

and Gentle Mouse

Angel Paws

and

Gentle Mouse

was clear that all anyone cared
the box.

What was inside? It was a full-length
wedding dress and a tux. Now everyone
was happy. Well, everyone except
that is. A lump had formed on top of
head. It was the size of a mega
of
mozzarella!

The surprise package

Congratulation

BA R B ECU E!

Come one, Come all.

Get ready for the best barbeCue
this side of niaGara falls!

b

rouGht to you by the
best Chef in the world!

bArbecue tiMe!

After the wedding ceremo
headed

back to the campsite. When we

we were overwhelmed by a delicious
smell. I sniffed the air. Could it
it smelled just like a backyard
barbecue.

I ran toward the campsite. That's
I
spotted a big poster leaning
rock.

It said:

I scratched my fur. There was only one rodent I knew who was that irritating. . . himself.

There was only one rodent I knew who was that irritating. . . such a pain!

My cousin Trap!

Just then, a pair of whiskers appeared from behind a cloud of smoke. A pot

rodent wearing a loud Hawaiian
shirt

stood behind a smoking grill. He
what's squeaking?" he smirked.

lump on your head. It's soooooo y

I rolled my eyes. Yep, it was my

Trap, all right. Have I mentioned

total

pain

in my tail?

I started to explain about the l

my

head when Trap interrupted me.

“Listen up, rodents!” he called.

about to taste the best cooking

So

,

greasy spatula at me. “Yo,

Germeister

Yum!

Yum!

Yum-Yum!

DELICIOUS!

don't drag your feet, it's time to
that you've found Trap, you
away

your map. That's TRAP —

T as in LOOK OUT, TONGUE, YOU'RE IN
foR A TReAT!

R as in READY OR NOT, HERE IT
comes!

A as in ASK ME IF I CAN COOK.

P as in PAY ATTENTION, THE NAME IS
TRAP!”

Yes, there is one thing you should
about my cousin. He’s in love. Not
another mouse. With himself!

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!

Yum!

Yum!

Yum!

Still, I had to admit his

barbecue was delicious. I

stuffed my snout like my uncle

Cheesebelly at a make-your-

own-cheese-sundae buffet

.

After dessert, Thea took

me on a helicopter ride over

the f a l l s. It really was
a SPECTECULARsight. Too
bad I got sick on the way
down. I knew I shouldn't
have eaten three piece of
cheesecake
!

little Mice

A

round the World

Finally, it was time to go home.

He boarded

the plane headed for Mouse Island.

Another long flight. The little

mouse

all over me. Then they sang so
top

of their lungs. I didn't get one b

Still, I was kind of sad when v

I

was going to miss those little ro

As we were waiting for our lugg

made an announcement. "Yo

invited

to visit me at The Rodent's C

told

the class. “You can see how we
newspaper together. You can
a
book is made
.”
.

“HOORAY!” the little mice cheered
Then Punk Rat grabbed my paw.

“I’m going to miss you, Mr. Geronimo,”
he sobbed.

I patted his head.

“I’ll miss you too, Punk Rat,” I said.
“but remember, my name is Geronimo
Geronimo Stilton.”

“of course, Mr. Geronimity,” Punk Rat
squeaked.

I tried to remain calm. “It’s Geronimo
Rat,” I repeated. “That’s G-E-R-O-N-I-M-O.”
Punk Rat smirked. “That’s what

Mr. Geronimoose,” he giggled.

I gave up. What else could I do
Punk Rat flung his paws around
He really wasn't such a bad little
In fact, he was just like lots of li
around the world — full of life
and, oh, of course, cheese

to trAvel . . .

is better thAn

to Arrive

We headed for the airport exit. A bus was waiting for Miss Angel and her class. I waved good-bye. “I’ll be home,” I told them.

A line of cheese-colored cabs w

the

curb. But for some reason,
didn't

want to budge. My bag felt
weighed

a ton. An overwhelming feeling of
sadness

came over me. It had been such a
exciting adventure.

And now it was over.

Just then, I remembered

a line from one of my
favorite authors. His name

was Robert Louis Squeakenson.
Do you know him? He wrote
a book called Treasure
Island. Anyway, he said
that to travel is better
than to arrive.

Well, I don't know if that is true
the
time. Usually, I am thrilled to go
my
comfy, cozy mouse hole. But t

still

had the travel bug in me.

And so I did what any smart
would

do. I turned around and headed right

the airport. I, Geronimo Stilton

a trip to

Blue Cheese Island

. I

hear it's supposed to be beautiful

time of year. Blue skies, blue water

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!

and lots of blue cheese.

Born in New Mouse City, Mouse
Island,

Geronimo stilton

is

Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic
Literature and of Neo-Ratonic
Comparative Philosophy. For the
past twenty years, he has been
running The Rodent's Gazette, New
most widely read daily newspaper.
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer P
scoops on The Curse of the Cheese

The Search for Sunken Treasure. He received the Andersen 2000 Prize for the Year. One of his bestsellers won the Award for world's best ratlings' electronic works have been published all over In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he enjoys is telling stories to his nephews.

A

BOUT THE

A

UTHOR

1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

The Rodent's

Gazette

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1. Industrial Zone
2. Cheese Factories
3. Angorat International
Airport
4. WRAT Radio and
Television Station
5. Cheese Market
6. Fish Market
7. Town Hall
8. Snotnose Castle
9. The Seven Hills of
Mouse Island
10. Mouse Central Station
11. Trade Center
12. Movie Theater
13. Gym
14. Catnegie Hall
15. Singing Stone Plaza

16. The Gouda Theater
17. Grand Hotel
18. Mouse General Hospital
19. Botanical Gardens
20. Cheap Junk for Less
(Trap's store)
21. Aunt Sweetfur and
Benjamin's House
22. Mouseum of
Modern Art
23. University and Library
24. The Daily Rat
25. The Rodent's Gazette
26. Trap's House
27. Fashion District
28. The Mouse House
Restaurant
29. Environmental

Protection Center

30. Harbor Office

31. Mousidon Square
Garden

32. Golf Course

33. Swimming Pool

34. Tennis Courts

35. Curlyfur Island
Amusement Park

36. Geronimo's House

37. Historic District

38. Public Library

39. Shipyard

40. Thea's House

41. New Mouse Harbor

42. Luna Lighthouse

43. The Statue of Liberty

44. Hercule Poirat's Office

45. Petunia Pretty Paws's
House

46. Grandfather William's
House

Map of New Mouse City

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Cat's

Claw

Bay

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This way
to the Mousific
Ocean

This way
to the
Ratlantic Ocean

This way to the Sea of Mice

This way to the Rodent Straits
Stray

Cat

Harbor

Furflung Island

Hamster Islands

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Brigand's Isle

Tomcat Island

Panther

Archipelago

Blue Dolphin

Bay

Mousefort Beach

New Mouse City

San Mouscisco

Swissville

Mouseport

Cheddarton

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1. Big Ice Lake
2. Frozen Fur Peak
3. Slipperyslopes Glacier
4. Coldcreeps Peak
5. Ratzikistan
6. Transratania
7. Mount Vamp
8. Roastedrat Volcano
9. Brimstone Lake
10. Poopedcat Pass
11. Stinko Peak
12. Dark Forest
13. Vain Vampires Valley
14. Goose Bumps Gorge
15. The Shadow Line Pass
16. Penny Pincher Castle
17. Nature Reserve Park
18. Las Ratayas Marinas

19. Fossil Forest
20. Lake Lake
21. Lake Lakelake
22. Lake Lakelakelake
23. Cheddar Crag
24. Cannycat Castle
25. Valley of the Giant
Sequoia
26. Cheddar Springs
27. Sulfurous Swamp
28. Old Reliable Geyser
29. Vole Vale
30. Ravingrat Ravine
31. Gnat Marshes
32. Munster Highlands
33. Mousehara Desert
34. Oasis of the
Sweaty Camel

35. Cabbagehead Hill

36. Rattytrap Jungle

37. Rio Mosquito

Map of Mouse Island

Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and far
till the next book.

It'll be another whisker-lick
adventure, and that's a pro

Benjamin

Trap

Geronimo STilTon

Thea

www.scholastic.com/

geronimo stilton

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are

whisker-licking-good tales, and that was
a promise!

FIELD TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS

Holey cheese, what an adventure!
I was off to Niagara Falls on a field
trip with my nephew Benjamin's
class. It was a beautiful place — truly
one of the most amazing sights I'd
ever seen. But unfortunately, I was
surrounded by mischievous young
mouselets who seemed determined

send me over the Falls in a barrel!

Oh, would I ever make it back to

Mouse Island alive?

RL3 007-010